

Jane's First Christmas by ObeyDontStray

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Summary:

(El) Jane Hopper's first Christmas with Hop and the Byers'.

Jane's First Christmas

Author's Note:

Pure fluff. Entry into a fic war on Tumblr.

"Jim, you're both staying with me and the boys Christmas Eve and we'll have Christmas together. It's her first Christmas, it's gotta be big! Not a tv dinner and Rudolph on tv." Joyce had insisted at the beginning of December.

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Jim grabbed a cookie off the plate, started munching. "Santa, get your keister in here and help me!" Joyce hissed from the living room of her house.

"I'm the fat man with the beard, I get to eat cookies." He said through a mouthful, taking a sip of the milk the kids had left out too.

"I must be an elf, since you're making me do all the work!"

He laughed at her, finished his chocolate chip cookie. "Alright alright! I'm coming!" He said, crossing the room to the mountain of presents she was arranging. "And you're Rudolph, by the way." He said, booping her nose that had been reddened for days now with the little cold she had. She sniffled and wiped at her nose, giving him a narrow annoyed look. He laughed.

Dressed in their matching flannel pajamas she had bought them, they fell into a system. Hop would gather gifts, read her the name of the recipient, she'd arrange it in the correct pile around the tree. Will, Jon, Jane, Jim, Joyce.

There was a mountain of presents, all impeccably wrapped. The ones he had wrapped for Joyce were hastily wrapped, sloppy. He held up a present for Jane and studied it. Folded edges crisp, bow curled. Name tag signed in her slight, pretty handwriting. "You know, you're a wonder, Joyce. How did you find the time to wrap each present so beautifully?"

"Practice. I never could give the boys much so...I guess I just figured at least if I presented it prettily enough, maybe new socks and underwear would seem special."

He passed her the last gift and he snuck closer to tree to hang a new ornament on the tree.

"Now, let's eat cookies and go to bed." She said with a sigh. The kids knew there was no such thing as Santa, but El had talked Will into leaving out milk and cookies for the adults, just because.

"Wait a second, first there's a present I want to give you."

Joyce sighed. "Just give it to me in the morning, okay? I'm dead tired."

"No, it has to be just us for this one."

She gave him a wary look.

He took her hands, lead her to stand in front of their tree.

It was a proud, tall tree that Will and Jane had picked and he had cut down himself. Thanks to Joyce's surplus of Christmas lights, the tree and the room itself was lit completely with flashing, glowing lights.

All the ornaments were hand made by the boys over the years, with a fresh batch made by Jane and Will this winter. And a tiny pink angel bearing the name Sarah.

"Jim, what are you up to?" She asked as he stood behind her with his arms around her waist, his chin resting on her shoulder as they watched the lights flash.

He pointed at an ornament she hadn't noticed before. A wooden box. "What's that?" She asked, her eyes narrowing in curiosity. "Hmm I don't know, why don't you see?" He said, arms hugging her tighter around the middle as she retrieved the box from the branches.

He plucked it from her hands before she could open it. When she turned, he opened the box and showed her what was inside.

"Jim!" She squeaked.

He retrieved the diamond ring from the box, sunk down onto one knee gently.

"Joyce-"

"Yes! Yes!" She said, the tears already welling up in her eyes.

His smile was as bright as the lights around them. "Really?"

"Really!" She smiled, her smile matching his. She sunk to her knees in front of him, the tears flowing freely and he pulled her to his chest, petting her hair and whispering sweet nothings.

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It was daylight and she had smothered him in kisses before they fell asleep, hands clasped under the big comforter on her bed.

When the kids rushed in a few hours later, they startled the two adults.

Jonathan volunteered to pass out gifts. Will and Jane sat said by side, wide eyed with anticipation as Joyce and Jim snuggled on the couch, hands still clasped with her comforter wrapped around their shoulders.

There was a flurry of wrapping paper as Joyce's beautiful handiwork was hurriedly destroyed. The two youngest gave out cries of excitement with each new present peppered with thank you sentiments to the family around them. Jonathan watched them all and unwrapped his presents with his shy smile, snapping photos with his camera. Joyce and Jim untangled long enough to open their own gifts, shooting each other warm glances.

In time the hubbub died down and the kids fell into putting batteries in their new gadgets and gizmos. Jonathan made his way into the kitchen to begin assembling the now-traditional triple decker Eggo extravaganzas.

Joyce looked down at her ring. "When should we tell them?" She

whispered.

"After breakfast." He said, looking at their two youngest.

Joyce rummaged in the paper at their feet, retrieved a red bow and plunked it atop his dark blonde hair and grabbed Jon's nearby camera. "Smile, Santa!" She teased and laughed as he gave her a glaringly disapproving look. She laughed as snapped a photo. "And here we have my grumpiest gift." She teased before she leaned in to kiss him. "My favorite gift of all." She smiled. "You're so handsome." She praised, making him smile again. "You're not so bad yourself." He said against her lips before giving her a passionate kiss.

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After breakfast Jane and Will, all hyped up on sugar, begged to go outside and play in the snow.

"We have to talk about something first." Joyce said, her hands wringing in her lap under the table. "Jane, are Will and Jon like brothers to you?"

The girl's eyes flitted from Joyce to Will, then to Jonathan before she nodded.

"How about we make it official?" She asked and three pairs of confused eyes all fell on her.

"Jim asked me to marry him last night."

"About time!" Jonathan exclaimed. "Took you two long enough!"

Jane looked to Jim, then to Joyce. "Really?" She asked.

Joyce showed the three her ring. "Really. Can we be one big happy family?" The two youngest agreed, hugging each other.

Joyce was crying again and Jim pulled her under his arm, hugging her tight and pressing a kiss to her hair. "Jonathan?" She asked.

"I mean, you two are wearing matching red flannel pajamas. It was only a matter of time." He teased.